"The Roll Call"-Percy MacKaye's New Red Cross Masque

PERSONS AND GROUPS (In the Order of their Appearance) SPEAKING PERSONS ALL HEARTS PERSONS PANTOMIMIC

AND THE CHILDREN

Girl FOLLOWERS OF THE DESPOILER (Men)

VOLLOWERS OF ALL HEARTS

(Children Attendants) PARTICIPATING GROUPS AND

Reconstruction Groups, with Banner-Bearers PAREANT FOLLOWERS OF MERCY BANNER BEARER OF NURSES DIVISION Nurses Groups, with Banner-Bearers Nurses Assistant Groups, with Banner-Bear-

SACRANT POLLOWERS OF REASON
SANNEL BEARER OF ACTIVE SERVICE
DIVISION
Cantes County Corps Groups, with Bantler Bearers,

THE GIRL

In the faith of a beautiful, glad to-

By a tempest of shame and slaughters,

Pent in a house of poisoned sorrow-

Our father, Peace, who was with us

Of him-the Despoiler's hand!

Yesterday? Why in the dawn

Only a dream-his dreaming

To heal the horrible scar

Of men as they really are?

Of men in their noble seeming-

And this is our home our home.

Mother, where is he gone-

Here-here-on our breasts the brand

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Did he walk in sleep, and bequeathe us

For now now the Despoiler is come,

THE GIRL

THE YOUNG WOMAN

THE GIRL

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Who counts his own pain less than an-

He sont them forth—the Despoiler

He sent them through ocean and earth

To spread his empire more and more:

THE MOTHER

Of birds are woman's questionings.

That never comes-that never comes.

THE GIRL

Mother, once more I hear them-drums!

(Faintly the murmurous Drum-Beats are re-peated, and die away.)

THE YOUNG WOMAN

(Hareh, from within, a brazen gong resounds,

THE VOICE

Here Rapine and Terror rush in to

seize the two Daughters. After them

Hunger appears to claim the remaining

Two Children. He comes at the behest

of Hate. Last of all, the Despoiler him-

In the THIRD ACTION the Mother

pleads with the Despoiler for her chil-

dren, and receives from him only taunts

for her losses. The Despoiler caps his

insoient speech with the triumphant an-

nouncement that Peace, mate of the

Mother, will never return to her again.

Fourth Action

("Lonely and Starless")

THE MOTHER

Children, which are the chimes of their

Struggling for birth in the labor of old

Begotten of strong men's pain 'mid the

Of bombs! Hearts-hearts of rebellion,

Of weakness and bondage and scorn!

Hearts of dreamer and toiler.

The heart of a mother-conspire!

Hear me, all hearts! and with mine.

O hearts of the swimming

Athletes of surging air-

EFT alone now-to low strains of

music-with face upraised, the

THE MOTHER

O women, -daughters of mine!

Tis ours to watch for a sign

Listen-their rolling call.

And-nothing.

The call of our hearts-'t is all

Yet it we knew.

and a hoarse Voice crying along.

That all we are hoping for-

presentation of his Shadow

Mother speaks.

Hearts of her singing!

ruined steeples!

howed women.

flery slinging

Of joy-of despair!

peoples!

O hearts of our earth's sorrow,

Hearts of the live upspringing

Hearts of a strange To-morrow

Mother, it might be true

To avenge him, and restore"

Brittle as the broken wings

Is there no champion of love -not one

Where are your sons our brothers?

there-

Is there no might in mercy-none?

Mother, why were we born

Hallowed by quiet waters

Only now to be torn

NANT POLLUYERS OF LOVE OIVISION Surgical Dressings Groups, with Banner-Surmed Dressings Groups, with a Bearers Kultting Groups, with Banner-Bearers

CHILDREN HERALDS JENIOR WOLKERS DIVISION, With BAN-NER-BEARERS CHORUSES

(Women's Voices only): Chorus of Woman-hood.

II. (Mixed Voices, with Soprano Sold): Cherus or the All-Forsaken.

III. (Mixed Voices): The Power of Gentleness.

IV. (Mixed Voices): Chorus of All Hearts.

Prelude

(The Doerway) N the background, a great Doorway rises in shadow, its massive gray doors clored.

He has taken the one I was to wed, In the foreground, on either side, a gate, lesser in size, is lit by a lantera He has taken my wedded one-he is

Between the Doorway and Gates, wallshung with gray-shut in an oblong space forming the stage), at the ceftire which a low seat is raised the height of one step by a larger dais.

From the entire length of the oblong space, broad steps descend to the assembly place of the audience, through which four aisles lead to the open ground-space in front of the steps.

Facing this space, at centre, between the two nearer sisles, is the place of the Community Chorus.

From there, before the action begins, Wemen Voices of the CHORUS are heard singing, to a pensive music, cadenced like the measure of soft, slow footfalls.

THE CHORUS Earth! How dreamity Ope thy Doors of Life!-Dark and silently Close thy Gates of Death!

By the shadow'd norch Waits our Womanhood Far, on allen paths, War our battle hosts.

When, ah, when between Dark and dark-shall our Yearning Mother-Love Weld all hearts of Mah?

First Action

Mother and Daughters)

HEN the Action begins, the stage is silent and shadowy. Then, sounding far off and muffled-encircling the entire audience with a rhythmic rumbling-drums begin | More of my branding-more! to roll. At first hardly audible, their Ho, Rapine!-Ho, Terror!

low beating quickens faintly louder. holds a sustained moment of murmurous thunder, and wanes again more slowly away into silence. With the first rumbling sound, one of the great doors opens a narrow slit and,

through dim light from behind, the form | self appears, preceded by a dramatic of a Woman enters-a Figure nobly tall and graciously maternal Clast in black, a grav black veil flows

hehind and about her shoulders, sheltering below the forms of two half-nude Children in white-who cling to her. On the smocks of the Children, in rust-hued red, the imprint of a huge hand is vague-As the Woman comes slowly forward,

with them, and sits on the low daisseat, two other Female Forms, clad in gray, glide through the closing door, and approach on either side.

On the robe of each, below her left breast, in rusty red: the same huge imprint of a hand is visible. One of them, a lithe GIRL, pauses-

listening-and speaks to the scated Hearts of the dumb breasts of broken

THE GIRL Mother-hear them:-the drums! THE MOTHER Hush! O, be still-be still. (Turning, the other one-a Woman, young ber austere-speaks low.)

THE YOUNG WOMAN Listen. Mother: it comes Upward from valley and hill. Fur-beating,-What can it be?

THE MOTHER The call of our beating hearts Echoing back. We hear it Die where our hope departs; But time, nor eternity. Man, nor ministering spirit-None hears, it but us, my daughters.

No one with a knowledge of life and a faith in humanity will think it extravagant to believe that in the crowds in Nassau Street, in Broadway, in Fifth Avenue, are hidden no one knows what Ty Cobb in one crowd, or Caruso in the other, doomed to live his life and die his death in obscurity. It needs a more wary faith to believe amid those crowds. infinite in the variety of types, that a single yearning makes them one—a yearning for self-expression. The newsboy on the corner, crying his wares in your ear, may have his dreams of Wall Street. The broker's clerk looks to have nothing in his mind but thoughts of his midday chop and coffee; he passes from your mind as he passes from your sight; but he may, for all you know, be thinking instead of what a painter he should be with only a turn of the dice in his favor. And if they live out their lives as clerk and newsboy they will totter along in old age still dreaming of the great figure they might have cut if luck had not locked their talents out of sight. Each one of us has his secret belief in himself-and would probably be mightily ashamed to confess what it is!

The pity of it is that these timid impulses have gone so long unlocked. That they are there, sky and awkward, no one will doubt who has seen the eager response to an opportunity of expression, such as Mr. Percy MacKaye has evoked in his community plays. The success of his "Caliban," a play for the community played by the community itself, was more than a personal success for its author-it was a proof of the innate talent in our people. Along came a piper-at first no doubt thought mad-who summoned anybody who would to act with him a part or sing a song. And, good gracious! People who thought themselves dull found suddenly that they could act and sing, simply and acceptably at least. We used to envy the innate artistry of the Japanese people—an artistry not of individuals but of a face. A self-expression so general, so unaffect, unabashed, may be beyond us as yet. . But the hearty response to these community plays, wherever they have been organized, is at least one significant sign of a national impulse which it needs only the years and the practice to improve.

Now comes Mr. MacKaye with a new masque for presentation by everyday people. On the strength of "Caliban's" wide appeal, the Red Cross managers have enlisted Mr. MacKaye's unique talent in the composition of a folk-play, to spread the spirit of the Red Cross organization first of all and a little more than incidentally to encourage enrolment toward the enlarged membership of 50,000,000 in the Christmas campaign. The utilitarian end of this Mr. MacKaye has accomplished without offence to the beauty of his dramafization of the Red Cross spirit. "The Roll Call" is distinctly more than an appeal for new members; it is a simple, a moving, and a beautiful spectacle of a stark simplicity which suits it to open air spaces and to the abilities of any talent, however moderate. A string of its striking scenes is reproduced on this page by kind permission of Mr. MacKaye and the Red Cross directors, that readers may judge for themselves the merits of a spectacle soon to be produced under Red Cross direction all over the country. Immediately the piece has been played in Washington before the President, as head of the Red Cross, and before the directors from all parts of the country, the masque will be staged in at least 5,000 communities.

For the guidance of producers and players, wherever it may be given, the designs for the stage-setting and the costumes, by Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, are to be published in color along with the play. These sketches, admirable alike for their spirit, their vividness and their simplicity, are reproduced to-day on a page in The Tribune Graphic Section, along with the striking poster, by Mr. Arnold Genthe, which will soon be seen all over the country.

Mr. MacKaye's Preface

At the invitation of the American Red Cross, National Headquarters, Washington, this Masque has been written, with the aim in particular of serving the cause of the Christmas Roll Call—the enrolling of fifty million members under the Red Cross-and in general of providing a dramatic expression of the Red Cross Spirit useful to its world-wide organization at any time.

For this purpose, it aims, by its construction to be of service anywhere to communities, large or small, on a scale modest or claborate according to local conditions.

In order to render its production the more practical and simple, the text here printed is followed by an Appendix containing explicit designs in color, together with comments regarding such details of acting, lighting, setting, music, costumes, etc., as seem pertinent and suggestive.

A growing, vital ideal of education in our new age urges the principle that all who seek to understand and grasp the essentials of their environment-whether in trade, tabor, art, government or the great social movements of our time-shall personally share and take some definite part in doing that which they aim to under-

That principle-participation-is the prime motive of community drama.

To take positive, voluntary part in creating and interpreting a dramatic production imbued with a large human theme quickens the interest and imagination of the participator with fresh understandings of this theme in ways more deep and enduring than any more negative witnessing of a play, reading of a story, listening to a lecture, or studying of a treatise, created and developed wholly apart from his own initiative.

To the unnumbered workers for the Red Cross, their own share of service in that great social organism is a kind of educating experience based essentially on this vital principle-participation.

It has seemed, therefore, to the writer that the kind of expression in art peculiarly adapted, by kinship, to the use and inspiration of such workers is the form of community drama-a manifold form, capable of in-

So it is with the relish of a sincere hope, and with a quick sense of the high privilege conferred on him, that he submits to their use the simple experiment of this community Masque.

PERCY MACKAYE.

Come, with a hallowed sign, Come, with a sign of fire,

And purge this house of our dreams from him-from him, the Despoiler! Ah, when will they turn to our father's O hearts, I bow; I wait; I wait for your

> Dully the bracen gong reverberates again the Voice of the Despoller cries from a THE VOICE OF THE DESPOILER

Now let my rituals commence: Ho, Pestilence! Ho, Poverty-and Pain!

Penale Porne begin slowly to more invarid the steps; at the centre, PEFTILENCE-uvid in scarlet tabe and vell of spletched bedsees—a rice a lard taper, which throws its flekering gleant on the other two, on the inner PAIN, in dim purple, with head bent backward in one bended arm; on the left, POVERTY, ball made in drah, with face howed and gray-black hair tuborne. Policerage those from beither, a Fourth Figure—shrouded wholly in gray-lingers apart and—later mount the stairway alone.

As the Three Figures more forward, the chorus befine Figures more forward, the chorus befine between the back Form of the Mother, bended on her sent at the centre, amulianeously the Great Doors in the background swing open, revealing belind, in faverion lights, a dumb TABL-AU OF THIS DESPOILER, dominant among the grouped forms of the Daughters and Children, in the thrall of Terror and Rapine, Hunger and Hate, surrounded by other Shadowy Forms in bendage.

Very faintly at first, but swelling slowly more loud, the Chorus sings to the throabing melody of Chopin's "Marche Funcher.")

THE CHORUS Lonely and starless. After the battle -

Moon dark, and sun dead-the Mouning watchers lie. Blood-dim and blind, stare the lidless eyes of Pain.

Starless and lonely. Stark in the wan night, Haunted with dreams, rise the homes of Poverty,-Pale, through the gloom, ylide the ghosts of Pestilence.

Lonely and starless-Lord of the outcast!-Where shall the all-forsaken hail

Thy sign? w, as the Figures pause, and the Music changes to a strain celestial in its comforting tsung by a single Soprano Voice, darkness inote out the Tableau of the Despoiler-darkness through which a single beam of white light, failling at the centre, illumines the Mother, and beside her, the Figure Shroudel in Gray. Mother and beside her, the Figure Shrouded in Gray.

There, dropping off the shroud, the Figure emerges—a Form youthful and gracious, clad in clinging white. Glancing at the slowly lifted face of the Mother, she points upward where above them, cleaning dream-like from the dark, the Sign of a Hed Cross glows, sortly fundous. At that moment, to the tender catagog of the Soprano Voice as it ceases, touched by the white beam, she reveals the sign to the Mother.) THE SOPRANO VOICE

(Solo) Lo, glimmering upon Thy breast. Love-illumined with Thy hallow'd

Love revealeth there Thy heart-red cr083 To heal the all-forsaken of their

sorrow. (Reaching uplifted arms, the Mather rises in the Maltr-her lips parted to cry out when instantly in darkness the Cross and Pigne dissipating in amount and again the dim Forms of Pestituce, Poverty and Pain begin tomave, passing of inward bealing the closing Doors, while the Chorus despens to the throbbing strains of their dumb march.)

THE CHORUS Lonely and starless. Lord of the outcast!-

There shall the all-forsaken hail

Fifth Action

(All Hearts JOW, as the Chorus reases, a light as of dawn begins to fill the space before the Great Doors, where the Gray-Shrouded Figure is seen standing beside the Mother, who speaks aloud in wonder, while still the dark is

thinning.

disappears Yet still abides in faith! Hath now no music throbbed within my

Nor moaning breath Of choirs? Hath here no heart-red

No star-bright Shape-burned through my dross Of shadow? Or hath a dream-

A dream once more!--Made visitation at this door Of dreamers dead? ng suddenly the Shrouded Figure before her) What are you?

THE FIGURE You have said. (For an instant, as the Mother peers forward, the Figure parts her shroud, revealing on her breast a red cross, which hangs there like an amulet; then she wraps it close again.)

THE MOTHER O dream!-And was it you who came? THE FIGURE

I heard you call; Yet ere you spoke, as deep as spirit plumbs. I answered with my drums.

THE MOTHER But I-1 prayed to all Hearts of all peoples!

THE FIGURE So you called my name,

For I am All Hearts, and all peoples are mine! I bring their life-blood in this hallowed sign-

The Red Cross, and within that fire-With you, with me-their wills conspire. No! There is ruin! THE MOTHER

But this dim shroud!-Why art so con-ALL HEARTS

In hidden ways to meet the world again: And we, who match our wills with pain To outwit the great Despoiler,-we Must make our deep conspiracy Work from within, disguised in death's

own garb. Till we shall turn his poisoned barb Against himself-and set our wounded THE MOTHER

Ah, you will free them?-How? ALL HEARTS By my earth-wide Alliance, sprung From many lands. Too long

Love lived a hermit, and his labors, done Alone, were crushed: but now --All mercies now shall work as one; For Pity Organized hath power more great

Than all the Hosts of Hate. THE MOTHER And who are those, allied To free the world?

ALL HEARTS You here them from your side. THE MOTHER My children!-But my bakes and daugh-

Where?-Where?-O healing Sign, that In bondage yonder, and my strong sons ters lie die Fighting to serve him-the Despoiler!

ALL HEARTS They faint no more-nor fight-to serve his will. But mine: our will, that shall waylay

And trap him in his lair. THE MOTHER Yet how? ALL HEARTS

To snare

The soul-snake and the cuttle-Man-beast, the brain of Mercy must be Even as he,

And foil the camouflage of Cruelty By craft of love more keen .-So I have been, For now behold-even at the tyrant's

doors-These new conspirators! Andd another murmur of Drums in both of the Cates at once appear Four Tall Forms, also

Coming forward, the Four join one an-THE MOTHER But who are these?

ALL HEARTS Ah, they themselves shall tell! For now I go

To meet our common enemy, and dwell Here in his house, to work his overthrow. «She moves to go. The Mother starts to prevent her.

THE MOTHER

ALL HEARTS Have no fear: (Showing again her small red (ress) This cross shall be my talisman Within the house of death life must be | Against all harm.

(She moves on, close to the Great Doors)

In the SIXTH ACTION the four shrouded figures suddenly reveal themselves to the Mother as her four wounded sons-the Soldier, the Sailor, the Laborer and the Aviator. Yet each confidently tells of the coming overthrow of the Despoiler, and they deterrains to set upon him at once, there in their house, which he has invaded. While they await his appearance they retire into the shadows.

In the SEVENTH ACTION the Despoiler enters, in angered amazement.

has been strangely cured by a shadowy figure standing by her bed. Poverty, now laughing and gay; mocks at him. Pestilence has vanished. And the Despoiler demands to know the name of this weaver of such spells, this accemplice of the Mother. All Hearts (the spirit of the Red Cross), the Mother announces the name. Just as the Despoiler is about to fall upon the Mother her four sons, Soldier, Sailor, Laborer and Aviator, appear, while the Despoiler calls to his trusty henclimen, Rapine, Terror, Hunger and Hate. EIGHTH ACTION. But the four Sons of the Mother suddenly reverse

He at once challenges the Mother and

charges her with weaving a spell

against him. He describes how Pain

their swords and hold up the hilts, four blazing Red Crosses, which, striking terror into the four horrid supporters of the Despoiler, drive them cringing away. Even the Despoiler, now much shaken, commands the Cross to move away. In his terror he turns toward the great Gates, which now open and reveal a glowing tableau of All Hearts, rising in beauty from her Shroud, bending over the forms of the Mother's children, now freed from their Slavery, while the Pities, grouped about, look on.

O light of new worlds! My roof falls,yes, and my crumbling porches! (Falling prostrate, he lies probe as the Chorub lurst into singing, and the Vision brightens in splender.)

THE CHORUS All hail the power of Gentleness Whose love all feur defics To purge the dark Despoiler's halls With joys of sacrifice!

Where Hatred glowered and Hunger thralled

And Terror dicelled with Pain There Mercy brings her ministering To drive them forth again.

Now through the Tyrant's crumbling walls New worlds their hosts convoy

To hail the power of Gentleness And crown that power with joy!

Ninth Action (The Red Cross)

URING the final strains of the Chorus, the Despoiler rises. As the music ceases, he shakes his elenched hands above him, and calls in

THE DESPOILER

All Hearts!-All Hearts! You, in your vision of Pities. Not you shall confound my dreams! The

will of my dreaming Builds in eternal Hate-builds on your flame-charnelled cities. And the blood of their corpses, upsteam-

(Starring forward again toward the centre of the Vision, abruptle he is confronted by Darkness, save that high above the Great Doors, in sudden eplendor—enormous—a RED CROSS thes, burning.

Pealing had he delike beth heads Reciting back, he strikes both bands over the cres and hows over, with shoahing scream. With the blazing cross of light a blaze of sound rises in loud Shrilling of Trumpsts. Standing with their faces turned toward the four Aleles, the Four Sond lift their award hafts.

At their signal, down the Aisier four Allette Runners rush foward them and mounting the stairway, reach the lop, as the Trumpais cease, and appearing high in the back ground, standing as upon air—Ail Hearts calls with clear-ringing voice.)

ALL HEARTS Ho, Heralds of my Red Cross! Hail ye! Hail, above

His fall! Ho, Courage-Mercy-Reason -Love! The Four Heralds—the sign of the Red Cross on their breasts, their several symbols streaming from their Standards—salute the Mother at the centre, then stand beside the Four Sons. Assautos, the Tearnal of the Four Sons.

lightants, antime, the Despoiler—half bowed, and mix—strikes at his eyes, and greans loud. with horrible gesture.
So, while he speaks, sliently, from the shadowed space around and beneath All Hearts, her Groups of Light reappear, about THE DESPOILER

Light! Light of new worlds! Blinder of

me, in my yearning Power! O light of old dreams, awakened to watch now the spurning Of me-me, in my dawn of darkness!

Ha, duper and foiler! Striker down of the strong in hatedespoiling the Despoiler! Light of All Hearts! Yea, stricken am I, but not broken

-the will which has lasted

Yet .-- I am aware; I am wise; I am will

THE MOTHER Children! My little ones!-Now The spring of God's waters Wells again back to us-up from And ashes of Death. Babesmy daughters!

Ages outworn; and I will that you

Under my lash; and your men made

(Groping with outstretched arms, he strong stumbling against the left Gate, and many

Out of that blasphemy, these shall

With a share cry of gladacas nestles them close.)

deem our vow .-

blood, and your children be black

sumbling against the left Gate, and man early against the left Gate, and man for death of the control of the co

ALL HEARTS

women yet shall be yeken

Tenth Action

(The Drums)

OW, from the circumference of the audience, and circling the plan of action, low and mufflet, the Murmurous Drumming begins again, Through it, All Hearts speaks to the

ALL HEARTS Runners of Joy Runners of the Fou Winds!-Hark! De you not hear-do you not hear the

-my drums?

Throbbing the heart-beat of life, at the daybreak comes Throbbing heart-red with the young To

Rolling, they call-rolling out of the

morrow-the dawn That wakens all sleepers, all toilers, a peoples as one. Hark! Harken! They wake them-my peoples. O Runners, begone, And bring them -my workers before by

Thei groups and their leaders: bring them, with chorus And banners and bugles and roll-bestmy heart-beat-of drums!

THE CHORUS Hail, O Light of All Hearts Shining as one soul, Through the storm of battle Guiding to our goal!

Cloud of Wrong surrounds us, Dark of Hate and Ire: Forward guide us! Forward guide us With your hallow'd fire!

Sing, O Voice of All Hearts Choral in one cru! Sing above the battle Where your peoples lie! In the mighty pren Moun of pain shall cease:

Onward call us! Onward call us To the world's release!

Epilogue (The Roll Call)

DURING this Chorus, Childre-Heralds in pageant regalia have formed a cordon completely surounding the Audience, as with a me and-white garland. And now, as the Chorus ceases, and

the grouping spaces of the Pagents gleam in massed glory around her, the she stands at the centre, All Hearts calls to the Audience and Participants. ALL HEARTS Pilgrims of the Red Cross!

You, whom Courage and Love, Mercy and Reason convoke here Now at my calling! Wakeners of a new world! Wakers---who yet can dream, And through the day still carry

Visions of starlight. We-you and I, you and I-We ourselves, must still dream And organize this starry Masque of to-morrow.

We are not hear the end, But the beginning: There-Out there -- in his blinded rage, still Roams the Despoiler.

Rankling with hate; and out there-Under some unknown star-Brooding on ruined lands, Peace Yearns for his children.

We, then--we and I--Each of us-carried all-None too poor or discouraged. Weak, or too weary-

Old, disillusioned,-or young. Heckless of misery-none But each shall act his part, and Sharing with All Hearts-

Join our conspiracy, still Back from the doors of Peace. Forth from the house of life, to Drive the Despoiler.

Join, then, actors of truth! Pledge me your names and your vers Join our Red Cross, to the kindling Drums of my roll call!